ABOVE THE WATER

Lake Dwellers of Venezuela and Their Queer Homes.

LIVE BY HUNTING AND FISHING

The People Still Practice a Form of Slavery.

VISIT TO THE VILLAGE

Written for The Evening Star. The last, the very last, of those amphibious creatures who erect their dwell- ! ings over the water in preference to living on dry land are found today only in the northern part of Venezuela. It is not much more than fifty years since the wonderful lake dwellers of Switzerland were found, and we all remember the furore among the scientists that the discovery created. A new world was opened, a new line of investigation made possible, and the relics ob-tained from the lakes where they were found were eagerly sought by all the museums in Europe and America. Yet It is just 400 years since these lake dwellers of South America were discovered, and it was by no less a personage than the great Americus Vespucci, after whom, it is claimed, the western continents were named. It was in the year 1400 that Vespucci and Alonzo de Ojeda made a voyage along the north coast of South America, first sighting land at Paria and Island Trinidad, and then visiting the Pearl Islands. King Ferdinand of Spain had expressly stipulated with Christopher Columbus that the fruits of all his discoveries should be shared between them, and that no voyagers should follow in his tracks without his permission. But Vespucel, having been the royal cartog-rapher at court for several years, knew a thing or two, and somehow obtained per ssion to fit out a vessel and go where he used. And, though Columbus had first ought to light the vast deposits of pearl systems at Margarita and Cubayna, yet as his vessels were leaky he bore up for Santo Domingo without thoroughly exploiting them, intending to return. But he never them, intending to return. But he never got back, affairs in the northern islands claiming his attention, and so Vespucci and Ojeda, as well as some others, slipped in and robbed him of his hard-earned treas-

Visit of the Spaniards.

And, by the way, it was these same lake dwellers who unwittingly furnished the name by which Venezuela is known at the present time-has been ever since, in fact, The Spaniards were so well received by the Indians of the Pearl Islands that they carried away bushels of pearls, some of them ried away business of pearls, some of them as large as pigeons' eggs, and, says the old historian, "every Indian they met thought himself happy, when they came to rivers and creeks, if he could but carry over a Spaniard on his shoulders; and he that of-Spaniard on his shoulders; and he that of-tenest carried any ever looked upon him-self as most fortunate."

But after the islands had been left bebut after the islands had been left be-hind and the great Gulf of Maracaibo was entered things were not quite so lovely for the Spaniards, for whenever they ap-proached the shore they were received by flights of arrows and driven away without making a landing. Finally, after rounding the peninsula of Coro. they sighted rounding the peninsula of Coro, they sighted the strangest collection of structures they had ever seen, in the shape of huts made of palm poles and thatched with palm leaves, d upon piles driven into the water far from shore in a quiet bay of the gulf

A Warm Reception.

It was not only the first time the Spanfards had ever seen such queer dwellings, but it was also the first time the Indians living in them had ever looked upon any white men. They were not afraid, however, and, though these wild men had never before seen such large vessels as those which came bearing down upon them, with all sails set, they made a boid front, sounded their horns of conch shell, raised their drawbridges and arrayed their war canoes for a most desperate resistance. The Spaniards, haying been already sated with spoils, and having had such a different reception from the other Indians to the eastward, made an attempt to purley with them. but is the other Indians to the eastward, made an attempt to parley with them; but in vain. The val ant red men sent their women and children to the shore, and opened the ball by showering upon the ships a flight of poisoned arrows. For a time the battle waged furiously; but in the end, seeing that they made no head against the invaders, with their great guns, their cross-bows and arquebuses, the Indians fled precipitately and left their empty houses to be pillaged by the Spaniards.

Little Venice. "It was the cannon that did the business," wrote Vespucci to his king, when he made a report of the affair, "for when we fired off our big guns the Indians jumped into the water like frogs hopping off a log." Then the Spanfards sailed up close to the city, holsted out their small boats, and began a pillage of its buts and houses. They found little to reward them, however, except some rude fishing implements, some bows and arrows, the latter poison-tipped wurarl, some stone knives, hatch and spearheads; so they soon retired in dis But Commander Vespucci was so im-sed with this lacustrine settlement, it oing the first of its kind that any Euro-can had seen that he called it "Venezuela," pean that seen, that he called it "Venezuela," or Little Venice; and thus, as has been re-marked, bestowed a name that has since been applied to the entire country adjacent.
We find the descendants of those aboriginal lake dwellers occupying the same sites, and apparently the same huts, as their far-away ancestors, living exactly in same primitive style and subsisting the same diet of fish, vegetables and roots obtained from the mud of the shore. There at present two settlements on Lake Maracaibo, the larger being far up that wast body of water, about 100 miles from he smaller—the village or its i by Vespucci in 1499—is only site discovered by Vespucci in 1499-

An Interesting Trip.

city of Mara-

To reach Maracaibo itself one must take steamer to the quaint Dutch island of Curacao, and then change to a subsidiary line which runs into the gulf. The master of the only steamer running thither when 1 wished to visit Maracaibo was an Americanized Norwegian named Lackzy, who was quite ized Norwegian named Lackzy, who was quite as original a character as any of the lake dwellers, and almost as unsophisticated. His speech was a mixture of Norwegian, fishing; but, as for girls and babies, small by

English, Dutch and Spanish, with here and there a little "Papiamento," which is a combination of the last three, used by the color, but many were nearly white, which

Curação is anders. But Captain Lackzy could navigate a steamer anywhere there was a fathom depth of water, and he had a heart as big as his beard, which reached as far as his waist. He had also a big, ferocious dog, which ranged the deck of the steamer and which ranged the deck of the steamer and growled at any and everybody who tried to go aboard. This dog, he explained, was for the express purpose of keeping away the natives of Maracalbo, who swam out and boarded the steamer in order to steal whatever they could lay their hands on. But, he said to me, "he is not harmless, so don't he said to me. "he is not harmless, so don't you be afraid;" meaning that he was harm-less, and had no teeth. We got to Maracaibo without incident,

and after the steamer had "entered" and while she was being laden with coffee from the interior, we made several excursions ashore and took a trip down to Santa Clara, the lake dwellers' settlement. Starting early in the morning, with two burly black sailors at the oars, we arrived at the water village in due season, before the tropical sun had time to get in his deadly work. We had met a party of the Indians in the Maracaibo market the day before, so they were prepared for our coming and received us much more amicably than Vespucci was

color, but many were nearly white, which feature an old woman accounted for by telling us that their fathers lived in th city, being mostly white men, who came down only occasionally to visit the village which in reality was an Indian harem. Indeed, the integrity of our own inten-ions was somewhat impugned by the aged curred to me that Santa Clara was really a slave mart on a small scale, where par ents sold their children to white people, to remain or to be taken away forever, as the purchaser might elect. I had heard as much in Maracaibo, but did not credit it Here, now was the evidence before my eyes, and it was difficult to make the old duennas believe that we did not desire the acquisition of human property.

"Mirales," numbled the mistress of ceremonies, "Look at them, now; the prettiest girls in the lake; they can make beds, serve the caballeros' wives as well as themselves,



welcomed by their ancestors, 400 years be- require. And here are the muchachos, the

rose out of the water, perched on stilts for cash. could not but be reminded of those other and more famous dwellings of this sort, the remains of which were found in the Swiss lakes. Here before me were people who lived exactly as those others had lived: In huts built upon piles driven into the bottom of the lake, and probably they had the same reasons for recourse to the water-to avoid their enemies on shore. And they may be equally ancient as to their origin, also. But, judging from the remains of the Swiss aborigines, these Americans were a long ways behind them in their arts and manufactures, for the former, as we these Americans know-at least some of them-were well advanced into the "bronze age" of development, and one settlement, at least, was in that of iron; while these had not, at the time of their discovery by white men, got much farther than the "stone age"—as evi-denced by their implements and rude weaoons of flint and serpentine. These, their descendants, are hardly more civilized to-day, although they have adopted the speech their Spanish conquerors, which they ak in addition to their own native ongue, and they have acquired some of the most degenerate customs of the Span-

In this village of Santa Clara there are about thirty buts, all built at about the same height above the water, and from a quarter to half a mile distant from the nearest land. As we approached the hamlet, all the huts became alive with Indian humanity, mainly women and children, who swarmed along the frail stagings, limbed to the ridge poles and dropped into he water like monkeys.
Several rude dugouts, hollowed from great

trees, each tree a canoe, made after the manner in vogue hundreds of years ago, swung at their moorings beneath the huts ground and beneath which the water was two or three feet deep. It came, I remem-ber, all the way from my knees to my thighs, as I waded about in it, photograph ng the huts and their inhabitants. One had o be careful where he stepped, as the om of the lake was covered with the refuse from the huts, among which I was surprised to discover broken beer bottles and other evidences of an advanced civili-

A Queer Garden.

The only reminder of dry land or of its contiguity was an artificial garden, made by fitting great palm logs together like a fence and filling in the inclosure, perhaps fifty feet across, with earth brought from the shore. Corn, pumpkins and even palm trees were growing here, in this garden made with such pain with soil brought from he distant mainland. After these "water bables" had become

somewhat acquainted and had exhausted their imaginative powers in speculating as to what I was doing with my cameras, which I was pointing at everything in sight, we were invited into one of the largest huts, where we were received with a hospitality that made us shudder. women there received us literally with open arms, and set before us a mess that

open arms, and set before us a mess that we were expected to eat.

We had seen them engaged in preparing something in a dirty iron pot over an open, smoldering fire built on flat stones in the center of the hut. The floor of the hut was of poles, and we could see the water beneath anywhere between them, but a thick layer of clay prepared to the fire from thick layer of clay prevented the fire from burning through. Although reckoned a cleanly people, as Indians go, still they seemed to me to be crowded together rather too much for real cleanliness; and the old iron pot in which a hideous hag, toothless and with unkempt hair, was stirring a stew did not tempt us to investigate. contents of the pot were at last ladled out, and we had to make at least a pretense of least a pretense of enjoying it, seated on the floor, with women and children crowded about to the number of twenty or more, completely shutting out the light, which came only through the open doorway and chinks in the walls, and cafbo, and is easily accessible from that at the same time making the atmosp really suffocating.

Their Home Life.

The thatch overhead was stuck full of fishing implements, spears, bows, arrows and rude baskets and cradles made by these people; while in one corner a con tented pig was snoozing, and in another an agouti, or native hare from the mainland,

boys, if the caballeros want good and faithful servants, behold them here; they can As the rows and groups of paim-leaf huts the gentlemen's horses, and they go cheap

The girls smirked and giggled and scraped he floor with their bare feet, inserting their toes into the interstices; the boys snickered and stuck their thumbs into their nouths. But all were in deadly earnest and seemed to regard their prospective tale and consequent departure from the village as something very desirable. We were greatly embarrassed, but finally the captain blurted out, "How much for

"For the lot? What, por todos?" snap-ped the old woman. "Oh, we not sell the whole, but you can have choice of the girls for \$50."

"That is too much," I rejoined with imulated interest. "Take thirty, now, for this one," pointing to a comely maiden of about sixteen, who immediately brightened up and looked expectant. 'No, no," said the old hag, shaking her "No, no," said the old nag, snaking her head energetically, "she bring much more—mucha mas. But this one you may have for that," picking out a slender and bright-

eyed girl of about thirteen. "Or take thi you for \$10-diez pesos por este muchacho."

The boy and both girls stood forth; they were evidently taking the matter serious'y.

The fifty-dollar maiden plucked me by the The lifty-dollar malden plucked me by the sleeve. "Offer my grandmother \$40," she whispered. "She will take it. I want to leave this place; and, oh, senor, I will have the sleeve this place; and oh, senor, I will sent the sleep the slee erve you well and faithfully all my lifeerviva usted bien toda ma vida. She had an honest look in her big black eyes, and it was difficult to resist her earnest appeal, so I backed toward the door est appeal, so I backed toward the door-way, the captain having cautiously pre-ceded me. "I cannot," I said, as I thrust a silver dollar into her outstretched hand.

An Ungraceful Exit.

I was saved further prevarication by an accident, which for a time diverted the atention of the Indians. I must mention hat the only means of gaining the huts from the water is by a round, slippery log tuck in the mud at an angle and set against the platform, in which notches are cut for the feet to fit. Now, these stepadders are easily mounted by the Indians with their bare feet, as they can stick with their bare feet, as they can stick their toes into the notches and climb up like a parrot; but for a man with shoes on it is not so easy. In brief, the captain, as he backed out of the doorway, had miss-ed a notch—in vulgar parlance, "slipped a cog"—and fell backward into the water og"-and fe'l backward into the water. All the Indians laughed and I my-self had great difficulty to keep my countenance and at the same time keep from following my friend as I descended to the boat. But the instant the captain id recovered himself and got into the boat he stretched forth his hand and shot out he stretched forth his hand and shot out such a volley of strange oaths, composed of Norwegian, English, Spanish, Dutch and Papiamento, that the grinning Indians of Norwegian, English, Spanish, Dutch and Papiamento, that the grinning Indians perched on the p'atforms were paralyzed, and as we rowed away, as long as they are them sitting there. were in sight, I could see them sitting there with their mouths agape, a frozen grin upon their faces.

F. A. OBER.

War is Mules. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CHICAGO, July 30.-An agent of the British war department is in the city aranging for the purchase of 2,500 mules in case Great Britain's relations with the Transvaal republic grow more strained. ALEXANDRIA, Egypt, August 15 .- The

Anglo-Egyptian army is prepared to furnish the South African British forces with 900 mules. NATAL, August 19.-Sixteen hundred mules arrived here today from Dover.

LONDON, August 31.-The war depart aent is shipping mules to South from a half dozen different points. Three housand have just been secured at Kan-as City, U. S. A.

BENARES, India, September 10.—The Anglo-Indian army has been called upon to transfer 1,200 mules to the South African force. They will be shipped at once. VENICE, September 25.—British agents have secured 2,400 mules in northern Italy, and they will be sent to Natal at once.

CAPE TOWN, September 28.-It is claim ed that General Buller can concentrate 13,500 mules on the frontier within thirty-six hours. More mules are arriving daily by every mule transport.

DONE IN HIS NAME

Noble Work of the Home of the Good Samaritan.

HELPS TO RAISE UP THE FALLEN

Has Started Hundreds of Men on Right Path.

ITS HUMBLE BEGINNING

Written for The Evening Star.

I want to tell you about the most wonderful charity I have ever seen. Of course, you'll be bored, but equally, of course, you will not show it. Charity is decidedly "good form" nowadays-quite the proper thing. It has a social standing scarcely second to golf, higher education or divorce.

Still, perfectly sure of my audience as I am, announcing charity as the subject of my few remarks, when I have told you all I know, and stammered something of all I feel, I'm afraid you will have little idea of the wonder I have seen until you experience it yourself.

A day this week I turned from Connecticut avenue on L street, going toward 16th. Ahead of me was a man, old, poor andwhether from drink or disease I could not tell-weak. He was unsteady on his feet and barely dragged himself along. Humanity in distress fascinates while it appals and all but crazes me. The problem it presents is the most marvelously interesting one the mind can contemplate, and the hopelessness of it makes such a mock of our every sort of power that I often move helplessly in the trail of human wretched-

ness, my attention fixed by it as by the eyes of a snake.
So I followed the old man along L street, and when near the corner of 16th he turned into a stairway leading up over some kind of shop below, I kept on, vaguely expecting to find his individual want "writ large" in

a wretched home and family.

Instead I found—I had not the remotest idea what. I asked the old man, and he told me it was the "Home of the Good Samerican". maritan."

Let me describe this as it appeared to me, still ignorant of what the name sig-

Within the Home.

It was immaculate and remarkably ordered. This instant impression of extraordinary purity and intelligence gave a certain air of holiness to the place. I looked hard to find if it were a chapel or anything of that sort. No; there was a kitchen arranged in the farther end; an old man there was busy cooking. At a long table on one side another old man was eating, and along the opposite side was a row of odd bunks. These had iron frames, wire mattresses, uncovered, and a neat roll of bedding was at the foot of each—twenty-four beds in all. Near the door where I stood was a long table, and above it shelves filled with books. I tiptoed in—nobody was paying any heed to me. A bal-cony across the front end of the room was furnished with a bed, some chairs and an furnished with a bed, some chairs and an organ. Again I asked the cld man who had led me hither, "What is this?" and when to his first answer, "The Home of the Good Samaritan," he added, "Mr.—is the gentleman as keeps it," I immediately went in search of the same gentleman. He returned with me to the home, and there I have had such an initiation in perfect charity and its sorry, sorry need as I never dreamed existed.

A fatal want of human relations is some one who is doing the things we dream. At the start of life the most of us dream nobly enough, but the world is so different from our visions that after a bit we give

from our visions that after a bit we give up trying to make our dreams come true. Then, grown still wiser in the world, we give up believing in dreams. This is a life of action, somebody tells us; we have to do with bread and butter, not with stuff that dreams are made of. So we fall into a habit of working for work's sake, if we fall into no worse habit, and if any one speaks of dreams we speer or sigh as we ams we sneer or sigh, as we regard his folly or recall our own disap-The Home of the Good Samaritan is my

dream of charity come true. It is built on these rocks of a man's experience:
There are no "unworthy" poor. Poverty
of character is the most pitiful human

We cannot give to others what we do not ourselves possess. To serve the greatest need of humanity-noral want-we must have truth and holiness in our own lives.

Living Truths.

These two facts, of which popular charity takes no account, are practical living truths in the experience of the founder of the Home of the Good Samaritan. This man is a typical American-self-made, successful. He began his business career at the age of ten selling papers on the streets. Today he is wealthy-and a great deal more. I have never been so moved with reverence for any human being as I was in this man's presence, on the scene of his sublime endeavor among the forsaken ones

To define this endeavor, to make its spirit n any degree manifest to you, I must tell you out of what it grew. Twelve years ago this man became a regular Sunday visitor at the jail and workhouse, striving by good words and good deeds to redeem the lives of men whom sin had led to crime and finally to just punishment was a messenger between these criminals and their deserted homes and destitute families, seeking by reviving natural affe tions and natural ties to awaken the man-liness of the outcasts. After two years of work, coming away from the one Sunday, he halted in its shadow to ask one sunday, he haded in its shadow to ask of himself why, with all his labor of weeks, months and years, he had achieved posi-tively no result. He was bound to admit that beyond passing, momentary consola-tion and relief his zeal had counted for thing. Then, scrutinizing himself in the actual shadow of the very evil he had sought and failed to remedy, he realized what appears axiomatic as he utters it. "I cannot give to others what I have not myself. I cannot give good gifts from my wn evil nature."

He saw his own nature to be evil in this respect.

He was accustomed to drink-not to excess, but to drink moderately, as becomes a man prudent in business. Ninety per cent of the criminals he labored amo of the criminals he labored among traced their downfall to drink. It appeared to him then, quizzing his soul in the shadow of the jail, that in making drink, the of these criminals, his own social convenience and personal indulgence he bound not only the fruits of his charity, but his own life, to the destiny of these doomed

At this time he was in poor health. He took stimulants regularly every day by order of his physician, who assured him his life depended on it. Moreover, after the American fashion, he was accustomed to "treating," so that to give up drink seemed to mean physical peril and disruption of ong-established social conditions.

"It was a great sacrifice," he said, telling me his story, and he paused a moment lost in the recollection of what the struggle had I was reminded of a passage of the ancient Vedas, which I dare say the experience of every earnest soul reproduces.

There comes a time in the life of a man when the path divides, and one way leads where many go, and one way leads apart, and each man walks this way alone. Few are the solitary ones and blest. And the crowded way is loud with the lamentations of the woe begotten.' When the Test Come.

To this man the test had come in the

matter of drink. It was a great sacrificenot the giving up this indulgence, but giving up all of which the particular sacrifice demanded was but a symbol. "Finally," he continued, "there spoke in

my heart these words: 'If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself." That is the first condition of our helpfulness in the world—self-denial. When I had satisfied this—I became a total abstainer. I saw that the next degree of charity is attained when we are able to obliterate, especially in our own consciousness, every distinction between ourselves and the poorn our own consciousness, between ourselves and the poor-

law and civilization is worked against the unemployed and homeless wanderer.

"I realized the need of such charity as this many years ago. In my work among the poor I saw men turned out of the workhouse, destitue of emerything—home, friends, funds, their last remnant of self-respect and self-reliance gone. Finally, one dreadful day—February 9, 1895—there was a blizzard raging here, as you may remember. So many men came to me homeless, penni-

So many men came to me homeless, penni-less, starving, with some part of their body frozen, I couldn't wait for means and help frozen, I couldn't walt for means and help any longer. I made up my mind that night I would have shelter—a home of some sort that I could give these men, and I got it. I got this room here. I put in a stove, some cots and chairs, and that very night three men found shelter here. The next day, which was Sunday, four others came. Monday morning there were twenty-five. It was, and still is, open to all. To the man who comes to the door seeking its protection I say, 'Brother, welcome. Make this your home. Eat, sleep, rest and look to tion I say, 'Brother, welcome. Make this your home. Eat, sleep, rest and look to God. This is His providence. You have tried being a providence for yourself, and see to what it has brought you. Now, rest here in God's love and be a man again, with God to help you.'

"No other form or condition of entrance has prevailed since the home has opened four years ago, and not a cent is charged for all any one receives. We have housed, fed and clothed nearly 2,000 men, and in not one instance has my confidence in them been abused. In many cases, as I have

been abused. In many cases, as I have taken them by the hand and made them welcome, like an electric shock has a change come over them. With the first touch of sympathy their maniy spirit is restored, and when their bodies have been fed and clothed they have gone out sail fed and clothed, they have gone out, got work, become independent, self-sustaining citizens. Over 400 such are in good positions today, and never has one turned out a thief or menace to the peace of the home that has befriended him. These men, too, mind you, are all technically 'unworthy poor. Why, if so-called 'practical' sociol-ogists but knew the secret of charity and reform the 'unworthy' poor are the most hopeful class to deal with. When a man starts down grade at 'intermediate points he is more difficult to reach. But when everything that recommends nim to human respect is gone then when he has become the despair of scientific charity, and of him-self, he can no longer offer resistance to your will to help him, and if you have faith

what you please. How the Home Started.

and love in your heart, you can make him

"The organization and success of this

nome is all in evidence of this fact. When I came down the first Monday morning and found twenty-five poor souls here, all in rags and tatters, and the most of them with bodies covered with ulcers and their feet frozen, I saw that here was an enormous work. I had a great deal to do myself, and instantly I perceived the necessity of making the home self-sustaining if it was to endure. There were no salaried offi-cers and menials for the task, and I was only one man. So I told the men here our Lord Jesus Christ had not thought it be-neath H m to wash the feet of His disciples, and I told them that in helping one an-other in this world we must stoop no less than our Master. I said I would go out and get hot water and bandages, ointment and all necessary things, and send these, and that each must help his brother in his trouble. I sent the things over right away, and did not get back myself for a couple of hours. I entered the room unnoticed, and the sight I saw overcame me. On three or four of the cots lay the poorest, worst sufferers, already bathed, their sores dressed, resting there with an appearance. resting there with an appearance of peace on their poor faces that must have touched a heart of stone. The most able among the crowd, with their sleeves rolled up, were hard at work, still ministering to the necessities of the more afflicted, and the very spirit of Christ was in all. I couldn't stand it. I had to turn and creen out of stand it. I had to turn and creep out of the room, and it was many moments before the room, and it was many moments before I could get control of myself sufficient to go back. Here with the little human kindness these men—these tramps, if you please—had received, they had themselves, of their own free will, become to one another dispensers of charity. I joined them as soon as I had command of myself, and while we finished making everybody comfortable. I told them how many demands fortable, I told them how many demands were on me, and said they must help me by organizing for the sake of order among themselves. I wanted them to elect a captain, two lieutenants, sergeant, corporal and cook to carry on the work.

Order and Kindliness.

"I then went back to my business, and when I joined the home after several hours officers had been duly elected and installed. and perfect harmony prevailed. Nor has it ever been any different during the four years that have followed. It is simply marvelous the order and kindliness that are manifest here. The practice continues of the strong assisting the weak. When a man comes here he is always dirty and de bilitated in consequence of his wandering in search of work and shelter. He is often sick, just out of the hospital perhaps, or as a result of exposure and privation. One of the men in the home helps him to bathe. will show you our provision for this At one end of the room, adjoining the kitchen, was a small compartment, in which there was a shower bath and two laundry tubs. Opening off this was a zinc-lined closet for fumigating the clothes that

were worth saving.

"It is seldom," he continued, "that a man's clothing is worth saving. Then we burn it, and when he has been washed, he is dressed in good, suitable clothes and made at home. If he is slek he has the treatment necessary to restore his beatth. In store his health. In every case he comfortably in the home two or three days until he has gained heart to take up again the struggle for existence. Then he starts out looking for employment. The plan of the home is that half of the men go out the first part of the day in search of work, when they return for the balance of the day, while the other half go out. This gives each and all ample themselves presentable and to do the work

"They have three good meals a day-see,

this is their dinner cooking." A hearty stew of meat and vegetable was bubbling on the stove, where was also coffee, and a quantity of bread was cut on the table.

"Supper is at half-past 5. From then until 8 o'clock everybody's expected to be inside, and they read, play checkers or dominoes—are at home, in a word, with all that means of liberty and love. At 8 o'clock we have simple religious exercises, with singing, for an hour, and then they go

"A man is privileged to stay at the home as long as his needs require, but, under the influence of the spirit here, a man's courage so revives that he is not disposed to abuse the hospitality he receives. He is soon able to sustain himself—how soon no one would believe who has not himself experienced the miraculous power of char rightly administered." was easy enough to believe the founder

of this charity might work miracles. Look-

ing into his indescribably pitying eyes and istening to the tones of his voice, so gentle and wonderfully modulated by the mo tion of his heart, it was impossible yield to the spell of his beautiful The oddly equipped great room in which we stood was expressive of the same spirit -I cannot tell in what, but the mosphere was regenerating, and work it has accomplished and its opportunity were exemplified in two old men busy about the room. One was cooking the dinner. The other was getting the

table ready for the meal.

A poor old man is the most superfluous thing in our American civilization. Old people at best are an absurdity in all our up-to-date calculations. But when poverty attaches to an old man he is the sorries outcast among us. An old woman may earn her salt at many a small task about the house, but the penniless graybeard what use is there for him? Yet he must bide his time when his wretched life shall yield its breath to the glorious triumph of the fittest, and, while he clogs the wheels of social progress, conscious of his condition and powerless to better it, the tragedy of his existence is awful. But the two old men in the home—tramps

a few days before-were animate, if no a few days before—were animate, if not with hope, with the calm strength of peace, contentment. They were positively "sweet and clean," as one says of a baby just bathed and dressed. The immaculate char-acter of the home they were in was im-printed on themselves, and they looked— I'll tell you in a word; they looked as if somebody in all the world loved and cared nebody in all the world loved and

for them. Old Age and Poverty. Yet the vell of a great sorrow was over

them-the same mist of sadness that was in the infinitely pitying gaze of the prosperous man who was their friend and my instructor in charity. To be sure, they had est outcast on the face of the earth. With the grace of this gift there dawned in the mained clear evidence of suffering—of cruel want that is always in our midst, and we mained clear evidence of suffering-of cruel

ignore it. As I stood there in the presence of these gray-haired men and realized that they had absolutely nothing on earth that they can call their own—that they can call their own—that they must beg because there is no work for such as them to do, I sickened at the thought of every comfort I possess myself. It seemed that I must implore their forgiveness for owning friends, family, home, while they have nothing—nothing. Then there was a tramp of feet on the stairs, and a score of others entered—old men, young ones, and in the number two or three who so lost the character of vagrant in their marked appearance of intelligence and refinement, I wated to blind my eyes for looking curiously upon the sacredness of their affliction. Sorrow is the holiest thing in life, and I think none but the reverent should dare to gaze upon it. And oh, the pity, the pity of it! These men—all these and such as these, with nothing, nothing, nothing, destitute of all the means—do you understand it? Have you ever known what it is to have the current of life running swift, not with you, but over you? Do you know what it is in the blackness of night and the great emptiness of nothing, to struggle, struggle, struggle—out of sight, unheard, forgotten—struggling for nothing definite because absence of all usual means of struggling have deprived you o, even definite aim? Do you know what it is to cry out in your agony with none to hear the sound of your volce, to stretch out your hand and grasp—nothing, always nothing?

That, I tell you, is the hidden life of the vagrant—that was the life I touched in the

That, I tell you, is the hidden life of the agrant-that was the life I touched in the

vagrant—that was the life I touched in the Home of the Good Samaritan.

I remained while the men who entered said a prayer and sat down to their dinner. Then I came away hastily, and if I have happened to inspire you with a notion of visiting this home, let me spare you the disgrace of my own experience. Go to help these poor ones—don't stand, as I did, an idle spectator of their want and humiliation.

"Can it be possible," I said to the founder of the home, "that these men are really destitute?"

"Every one had slept out on the ground from two to three nights before coming here," he answered.

here," he answered.

Think of this as you stretch your body on your easy bed tonight, after you have tucked your children comfortably in—think of flesh and blood like your own at rest on the bare ground, think of it, and pleasant dreams—but there! I'm talking as if I were in the pulpit, and who ever heard of a lady preacher by the name of lady preacher by the name of PAULINE PRY.

MEETING ROYALTY UNAWARES. Adventures of People With Kings and Queens They Didn't Know. From the London Mail.

Many amusing stories are told of the adventures of royal personages when they have divested themselves of what may be called their official dress and assumed the guise of ordinary mortals. And no one loves more to tell these tales of misadventure than the royalties themselves. The czar still recounts the story of an

experience he had some years ago in Scotland. It was in the early days of his cycling enthusiasm, and he was riding in company with Princess Maud. When the royal cyclists were walking with their ma-chines up one of the steep hills near Bai-moral they overtook an old Scotsman, who

moral they overtook an old Scotsman, who wished them "good day" and seemed disposed for gossip.

The young pair entered into the spirit of the adventure, and chatted merrily about their cycling until they reached the top of the hill. Before they remounted the garrulous old man looked wonderingly at the machines, and sald: "Weel, weel, they're grand things for you toon lasses and laddies." When they had got out of hearing the royal pair literally laughed until they cried, and the czar even yet answers to the name of "the toon laddie" among his cousins. his cousins.

Not many months ago the German emperor sustained quite a shock. Like King Leopold of Belgium, the kaiser loves occa-sionally to take a solitary ramble in the country. One day last summer while at Potsdam he had wandered further than usual, and at dusk found himself, dusty and weary, still a dozen miles from the place. When at this stage a country-woman driving a cart overtook him ne greeted her politely and asked her to allow him to take the country-woman driving a cart overtook him ne greeted her politely and asked her to allow him to take the country to the country him to take the country to the coun low him to take a seat in the cart. The woman looked down critically at the dusty and disheveled man, and, whipping up her horse, said, "Not me; I don't like the looks

Some distance ahead a mounted patrol stopped the woman and asked what the emperor had said to her. "The kaiser?" she queried, in amazement. "What kaiser?" Then, as the truth gradually dawned on her, she turned pale, gave a frightened look at the dusty figure coming nearer, and drove rapidly away.

Ex-Queen Emma of the Netherlands and her daughter, the queen of today, had many amusing experiences in their wanderings incognito. Last summer, when they were staying at one of the hotels in the Tyrol, the young queen won all hearts by her sweetness of disposition and vivacity. There was one young Englishman who was so overcome by her charms that he followed her everywhere in spite of a frowning mamma, and, it must be said, with some mischievous encouragement from the daughter. His attention at last became so marked that one day the young girl and her mother disappeared without warning, and it was only some days after that the young Englishman learned, through the papers, that the young lady he had wooed persistently was the girl queen of Hol-

Many good stories are told of the curious adventures of Queen Margaret of Italy on her mountaineering excursions. The story of how she entertained a party of tourist climbers in one of the mountain huts is well known, but few have heard of another little adventure which befell her this summer. The queen, whose energy is al-ways the envy and despair of her suite, had wandered away from her attendants, and had not only lost her way, but was both hungry and fatigued, when she saw a peasant's cottage in the distance.

Making her way to it, her knock was answered by an old peasant woman, whom she asked for rest and refreshment. "Come in, my dear, and welcome," the kindly old peasant said. The queen entered, and in-sisted on helping her hostess to prepare the simple meal of milk and bread. When the belated attendants reached the cottage they found the queen and the old woman gossiping and eating with all the freedom of old friends, and it was not until some days later, when a handsome present arrived at the cottage, that the woman learned how she had entertained her queen.

As to Pockets. A woman who would invent a practical

pocket for the sex at the present moment would win permanent gratitude. The inconvenience to which we are daily subjected can hardly be detailed. Handkerchiefs have to be carried up the sleeves just as men have hitherto disposed of them in their uniforms. Our grandmothers would have none of this. They carried their housewifely keys in pockets stowed away under their skirts. But we have borrowed from them the small reticules and larger bags attached to the side of the skirt Neither of these plans is really convenient, the pocket beneath the skirt nor the detached bag, and the sooner we return to the old comfortable dress pocket the bet-ter—that is, a pocket placed where we can get at it without unseemly struggles

Feard in Norfolk. From Punch.



Cyclist-"How far is it to Wroxford?" Yokel-"Wall, I reckon hit's bout t

Cyclist-"Two what?"
Yokel (taking this as challenging his veracity)-"Perhaps it may be some furder." (Reflecting.) "But I'll own hit ain't mere'n two whoops an' a holler."

COLUMBIA TYPO FAIR

Leading Event of Season in Local Laber Circle .

COMMITTEES ARRANGING DETAILS

Object is to Liquidate Debt on

THE CIRCULAR ISSUED

Typographical Temple.

One of the most important events of the season in labor circles, it is understood, will be the fair to be given by Columbia Typographical Union, No. 101. The fair will be held in the union's home, Typographical Temple, 423 to 425 G street northwest, beginning Monday evening, November 27. Already committees are at work arranging the preliminaries. The board of control, which has immediate direction of the fair, is composed of the following members of Columbia Union: Edwin C. Jones, chairman; F. C. Roberts, vice chairman? A. W. Bowen, secretary; Joseph C. Whyte, treasurer; Miss Louise Gunton, J. F. Mc-Cormick, Chas. W. Otis, Wm. M. Leavitt, H. F. J. Drake, Wm. M. Garrett and J. E.

The committee on solicitation is as follows: F. C. Roberts, chairman; T. A. Bynum, secretary; E. G. Farrell, treasurer; George A. Tracy, A. S. Fennell, G. A. Meyer, J. M. Eggleston, Francis Benzler, Jas. K. Polk and J. R. Brown. A ladies' auxiliary committee is composed of Miss Louise Gunton, Miss Bertha Tellyr, Miss Louise Gunton, Miss Rata V. Spenser Carrie Whitehead, Miss Kate V. Spencer and Miss Mollie Reagan. This committee, the hustiers for donations, upon whom will devolve a great deal of the work to insure success, will soon be at work.

Circular Issued.

The circular sent out by the committee is meeting with generous responses from the business community. It is as follows:

"Beginning Monday evening, November 27, 1899, Columbia Typographical Union, No. 101, will hold a fair for the purpose of raising funds to liquidate the indebtedness standing against Typographical Temple. This building, dedicated in 1892 by President Benjamin Harrison, stands as a monument to the industry and thrift of one of the strongest and most conservative labor organizations in the District of Columbia It is our aim to free the building of th small indebtedness now outstanding, at the same time demonstrating to the citizens of the District of Columbia that the principles of organized labor as embodied in the in-ternational Typographical Union are such s will reflect credit not alone upon its membership, but also upon the community in which they reside.

is our purpose to conduct the fair, which will continue several days and nights at the temple, in sucn a manner as will inure to the benefit not alone of our organization, but to the business community a

"Columbia Typographical Union has at all times aided every enterprise conducted for the advancement of the city and its citizens. Business men have recegnized the transpace of our union in many ways realinfluence of our union in many ways, realizing what the extensive patrenage of its members means to the progressive merchants of Washington and vicinity only recently the organization was largely instrumental in securing an advance of wages of employes in the convergence of the of employes in the government printing office, which insures a yearly Jisbursement of about \$300,000 more in wages, most of

which will find its way into the pockets of the business men of Washington.

"We respectfully solicit your aid and at-tendance in making this fair a success. Contributions will be properly acknowledg-ed through the local press."

The Several Committees

The committee on finance, which will arrange a system of checks and accounting and audit all accounts of the fair, is made up as follows: J. F. McCormick, C. W. Grey, Samuel Musick, R. A. Martin, J. L. Holland, W. L. Gutellus, C. C. Hipkins, H. D. Lowd, G. G. Seibold and J. H. Heslet. The committee on tickets and invitations is headed by Charles W. Otis, chairman, His co-workers are W. N. Brockwell, Shelby Smith, Chas. E. Holmes, C. O. Doten, H. F. Sauter and Preston B. Wright

They will also invite the special guests, in dividuals, lodges and organizations. The committee on entertainment will are week. The members of the committee are Wm. M. Leavitt, Thos. L. Jones, E. E. Gessler, John Green, jr., and Charles E.

The refreshment committee will be un der the direction of F. H. Melick. He will be assisted by Percy L. Moore, A. J. E. Hubbard, J. W. Carter, W. H. Van Bibber, Samuel W. Edmunds, F. M. Hambright, George P. Dowell, Wells C. Harrell, John B. Dickman and Chas. J. Berner.

The committee on publications and advertising—Wm. M. Garrett, J. H. Babcock

and W. H. Phillips—will issue a "fair daily" during the progress of the fair. The committee on booths will superintend the construction of and arrange the booths and paddle stands. The committee follows: H. F. J. Drake, T. M. Ring. Brown, F. A. Schwing and R. A. McLean.
The committee on attendance, which will see that the various booths are directed by attractive and skillful directors, is com-posed of J. E. Bright, Wm. F. O'Brien, Thos. W. Haworth, Joe M. Lenhart and

John C. Macksey.

The booths will be ten in number, and each will be under the direction of the special division of Columbia Union members esigned to it. The booths will be as follows: First division booth, second division booth, third division booth, fourth division booth, fifth division booth, job room booth, specification room booth, branch booth and down-town offices booth.

Object of the Fair. It will be observed that the purpose of

the fair is to secure funds to pay off the indebtedness on the temple-the home of Columbia Union, No. 101. No labor organization in America has equaled the record of this union. Its activity has been alike beneficial to the organization and to the community. In its ranks are about 1,500 of earnest, intelligent and conservative wage-workers, who have been foremost in all enterprises that tend to advertise or enefit the District of Columbia, giving a considerable sum to the recent peace jubilee celebration and taking an active parts in the Dewey parade. Besides taking care of its own sick and destitute members, the union contributes each year to the relief of distressed poor of the District. It repee celebration and taking an active part resents all that is strong and progressive as a labor organization.

When Typographical Temple was dedi-cated in 1802 President Harrison, the chief executive of the nation, honored Columbia Union with his presence, and President Me-Kinley will be invited to attend the open-ing night of the fair-Monday evening, the 27th-which will inaugurate an event interesting to a large class of people in the com-munity.

Rings and Gloves. From the Minneapolis Times.

News comes-and from Paris-that we are supposed to wear our rings outside our gloves. But the fashion is a vulgar one, and will be adopted by none but extremists. There is some excuse for its existence in France, however, for in France women still persist in wearing tight-fitting gloves, which in America and England are consid-ered the worst form. A writer who noticed the close-fitting gloves worn by the Frenchwomen recently wrote the following de-scription of the appearance of the French hand: "A bunch of sausage attached to a nand: "A bunch of sausage attached to a pincushion." The glove approved by fashion is easily drawn on, soft and buttonless, except for driving or riding, when an entirely different kind is worn. It is made of suede or some soft untanned leather, of suede or some soft untanned leather, daintily perfumed, and allowing the fingers full freedom. With such gloves, rings of any description may be worn—under the clove of course

Depends on the Men. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Do you believe the theory that men should be permitted to end their lives?" "Yes, if the right men apply for the per-